DC UNIVERSE™

HOLIDAY SPECIAL '09

1 ONE SHOT FEB '10

DUSTIN

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DC HOLIDAY SPECIAL '09

BATMAN IN SILENT KNIGHT

WRITER: JAY FAERBER ART & COLOR: PETER NGUYEN
LETTERS: ROB CLARK JR. BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

SUPERMAN IN MAN OF SNOW

WRITER: ARIE KAPLAN PENCILS: NICK RUNGE INKS: GABE ELTAEB
COLORS: ULISES ARREOLA LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

FLASH IN THE FLASH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

WRITER: AMY WOLFRAM ART: DANIEL LEISTER
COLORS: NEI RUFFINO LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM

BEAST BOY & DOOM PATROL IN THE CHRISTMAS OF DOOM

WRITER: STERLING GATES ART: JONBOY MEYERS COLORS: CHUCK PIRES
LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM BEAST BOY & DOOM PATROL CREATED BY ARNOLD DRAKE

SUPERBOY IN PARTY GIFT

WRITER: RALPH SOLL PENCILS: RODNEY BUCHEMI INKS: GREG ADAMS
COLORS: PETE PANTAZIS LETTERS: JARED K. FLETCHER

MARTIAN MANHUNTER IN REASON FOR THE SEASON

WRITER: FRED VAN LENTE ART & COLOR: NICK DRAGOTTA
LETTERS: JOHN J. HILL

ANGEL & THE APE

STORY & ART: ANDREW PEPOY COLORS: PAUL MOUNTS
LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM

SGT. ROCK IN A PEACE ON EARTH

STORY & ART: BILLY TUCCI COLORS: HI-FI LETTERS: ROB CLARK JR.

ENEMY ACE IN STILLE NACHT

WRITERS: SEAMUS KEVIN FAHEY & SEAN FAHEY ART: HOWARD CHAYKIN
COLORS: EDGAR DELGADO LETTERS: JOHN J. HILL

B'WANA BEAST IN THE HUNT FOR CHRISTMAS

WRITER: BEAU SMITH ART: GARY KWAPISZ
COLORS: PAMELA RAMBO LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM

CAPTAIN MARVEL IN HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

WRITER: STEVE HORTON ART & COLOR: AFUA RICHARDSON
LETTERS: JOHN J. HILL

DEADMAN IN UNBEARABLE LOSS

STORY & ART: SCOTT KOLINS COLORS: CP SMITH
LETTERS: JARED K. FLETCHER DEADMAN CREATED BY ARNOLD DRAKE

RED TORNADO IN A NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS STORY

WRITER: DAVID TISCHMAN PENCILS: ADAM ARCHER INKS: SANDRA HOPE
COLORS: JONNY RENCH LETTERS: JOHN J. HILL

HUNTRESS IN NAUGHTY OR NICE

WRITER: J. TORRES PENCILS: HUBERT KHAN MICHAEL
INKS: JULIO FERREIRA COLORS: TOM SMITH LETTERS: SAL CIPRIANO

RAGMAN IN SEEING THE LIGHT

WRITER: ROB LEVIN ART: BRIAN CHING COLORS: MICHAEL ATIYEH
LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM RAGMAN CREATED BY ROBERT KANIGHER & JOE KUBERT

ADAM STRANGE IN AULD LANG SYNE

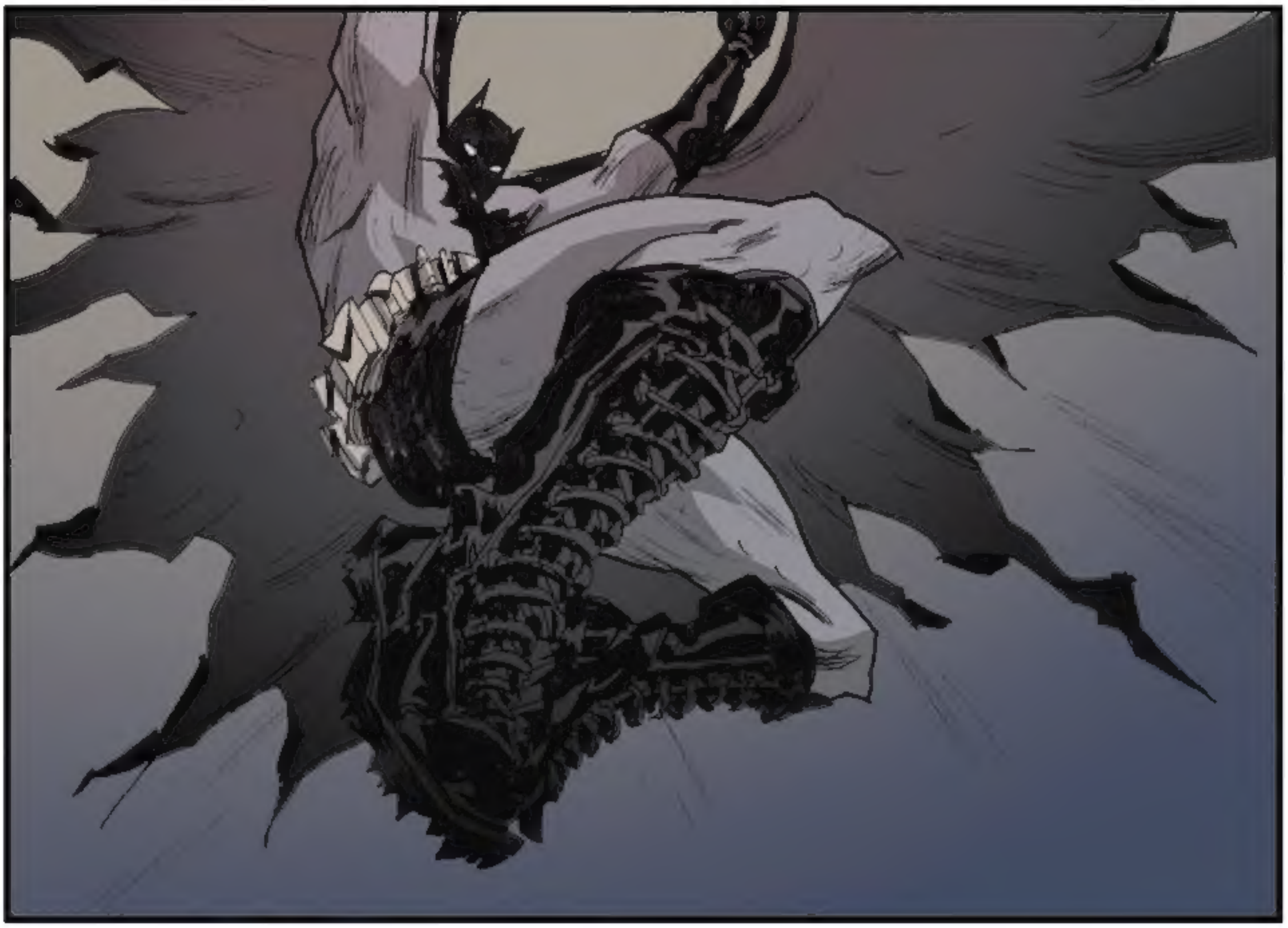
WRITER: SHANNON ERIC DENTON PENCILS: NICK J. NAPOLITANO
INKS: DAN GREEN COLORS: ALLEN PASSALAQUA LETTERS: JOHN J. HILL

EDITORS: ADAM SCHLAGMAN & EDDIE BERGANZA
COVER: DUSTIN NGUYEN DESIGNED BY TRAVIS LANHAM

SILENT KNIGHT

Jay Faerber, writer
Peter Nguyen, art & color
Rob Clark Jr., Letters
Batman created by Bob Kane

CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM



end.

SUPERMAN IN MAN OF SNOW

WRITER: ARIE KAPLAN
PENCILS: NICK RUNGE
INKS: GABE ELTAEB
COLOR: ULISES ARREOLA
LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

PARK RIDGE. A SUBURB OF METROPOLIS.

WHEN I WAS A KID, MA, PA AND I WOULD ALL EAT A BIG DRUM OF CARAMEL CORN TOGETHER ON CHRISTMAS.

THEY DON'T SELL THEM MUCH ANYMORE, SO I'M BRINGING MA *TWO* OF THEM, JUST TO BE SAFE.

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP THE LUGGAGE, AND LOIS AND I ARE OFF TO VISIT MA FOR A WELL-EARNED VACATIO--

GEH... TSOOPERMAN...

GEH... TSOOPERMAN...

GRUK

PLORCH

IMPRESSIVE...

PLIP PLEP PWUP FLEP

MMRRRR?

...BUT NOT IMPRESSIVE *ENOUGH.*

WHO CREATED THIS MONSTER? LUTHOR? PRANKSTER? MR. MXYZPTLK?

NO FRIGGIN' WAY!

HMM... MAYBE NOT.

WHOA! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE REALLY BROUGHT YOU! HE--HUFF, PUFF--HE *ACTUALLY* DID IT!

DID *WHAT?* YOSEF, WHAT'S GOING ON? GET BACK INSIDE!

IS THAT... *SUPERMAN?*

UH...IT'S A--*Huff, puff*--LONG STORY, GRANDPA.

אמת

YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL US MAYBE, YOSEF?

LOOK AT HIS SCULPTURES, SUPERMAN. HIS PARENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROUD, MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE.

YOU'RE QUITE AN ARTIST, YOSEF.

THANKS. I HAVE A LOT OF FREE TIME. I, UH...I'M HOME FROM SCHOOL A LOT. I GET KINDA SICK.

Kaff! kaff!

ARE YOU OKAY?

HE HAS CYSTIC FIBROSIS, SUPERMAN.

YOU'RE VERY BRAVE, YOSEF. THAT ISN'T AN EASY THING TO DEAL WITH.

YEAH, WELL... MAKING MY SCULPTURES, THAT HELPS.

TELL ME ABOUT THE SNOW MONSTER, YOSEF.

IT'S JUST... SOMETH.NG I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO DO. I CAN MAKE THINGS...MOVE. ANIMATE INANIMATE OBJECTS.

FIRST, I STARTED SMALL, WITH THE STATUES ON MY MANTEL. BUT LATELY, I'VE BEEN MORE... AMBITIOUS.

A FEW DAYS AGO, I DECIDED TO MAKE A GOLEM. YOU NORMALLY MAKE THOSE OUT OF CLAY.

=Chirp!=

BUT I FIGURED A *SNOW GOLEM* WAS MORE FESTIVE FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR. Y'KNOW?

MMMRRAAAWW!

AT FIRST, I MADE IT HELP ME OUT AROUND THE HOUSE, DOING CHORES AND STUFF. BUT AFTER A WHILE, THAT SEEMED *SO TRIVIAL.*

AWESOME, YOU GOT GRANDPA'S CAR! YOU'RE THE BEST GOLEM *EVER!*

I BET YOU COULD EVEN GET *SUPERMAN* IF YOU WANTED TO!

GEH... TSOOPERMAN..

HAHA! NO WAY! IT SOUNDS LIKE CHEWBACCA!

GOLEM, WAIT! *WAIT!!*

UH OH.

MY GRANDSON IS DR. FRANKENSTEIN. WONDERFUL.

YOU KNOW, YOSEF, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I WAS JUST *DISCOVERING* MY POWERS TOO. AND I'M NOT SAYING I ALWAYS DID THE RIGHT THING, BUT...YOU COULD'VE PUT PEOPLE IN DANGER. YOU CAN'T DO THIS AGAIN.

I...I KNOW. I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST THAT...

YES?

I DUNNO, IT'S THE FIRST NIGHT OF HANUKKAH, AND I...I...

...NEVER MIND.

YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT A *GAJILLION* THINGS TO DO TONIGHT.

HE'S UPSET. ALIENATED. ONLY PLACE HE FEELS AT HOME IS IN THIS ARCTIC WONDERLAND HE'S BUILT FOR HIMSELF.

I CAN RELATE.

LOOK, WHY DON'T I TAKE YOU OUT FOR SOME FRESH A.R? THAT IS, IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER.

SERIOUSLY?

ABSOLUTELY. BUT I DO HAVE *ONE* CONDITION...

I LOVE THIS TIME OF YEAR. IT LIFTS PEOPLE'S SPIRITS.

LITERALLY.

OKAY, WE JUST NEED TO GET *ONE MORE* POPCORN TIN. SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN...

YOU *GOT IT!* WAIT, LET'S GO TO THAT STORE *OVER THERE*...

END

FLASH in THE FLASH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

writer: Amy Wolfram
art: Daniel Leister
colors: Nat Maffina
letters: Travis Lanham

KEYSTONE CITY, KANSAS: CHRISTMAS EVE--MORNING.

IRIS, YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR..

...SCHOOL.

DON'T FORGET MY PAGEANT!

LATER, MOM!

IRIS, WAIT FOR ME!!!!!!!

FINALLY, A MOMENT TO OURSELVES...

I NEED YOU TO RUN TO THE POST OFFICE, PICK UP A ***BLUE ROCKET RANGER*** AT THE MALL, WE'VE GOT JAI'S SCHOOL PAGEANT THIS AFTERNOON THEN YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME BAKE COOKIES FOR THE FIRE STATION, TAKE IRIS CHRISTMAS CAROLING, THE JLA HOLIDAY PARTY, AND WE'RE CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS EVE AT YOUR AUNT'S TONIGHT.

ANYTHING ELSE?

FORGET THIS.

United States Post Office

EXIT

NEAR GORILLA CITY, AFRICA

YOUR MOTHER JUST CALLED. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO SET UP HER TREE. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WAIT UNTIL THE *LAST* MINUTE?

BECAUSE I CAN.

S. Simeon

TREES

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *WAITED* UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE.

SOMEWHERE IN THE ROCKIES.

MARY WEST'S HOME, BLUE VALLEY, NEBRASKA.

OH WALLY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

GREAT, MOM, I'VE GOTTA GO...

JUST PUT UP THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE BEFORE YOU GO?

DOESN'T HE LOOK FESTIVE!

JUST ADDING A LITTLE HOLIDAY CHEER!

GROWWLL!

KILLER CROC IS BACK IN GOTHAM. WHERE ARE YOU?

ON MY WAY!

HEY, YOU'RE NOT FINISHED!

SO WHAT DID YOU GET LINDA FOR CHRISTMAS?

NOTHING.

WHAT?!

WE AGREED NOT TO EXCHANGE GIFTS, JUST GET THINGS FOR THE KIDS.

SHE GOT YOU SOMETHING.

OH CRUD.

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR SECRET SANTA PARTNER FOR THE JLA HOLIDAY PARTY TONIGHT.

RAVEN? SOMEONE SWITCH WITH ME.

TOO LATE, I ALREADY BOUGHT MY GIFT.

DOUBLE CRUD.

MALL OF AMERICA, BLOOMINGTON, MINNESOTA.

GIFT WRAP, PLEASE. AND CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A BLUE ROCKET RANGER FOR MY SON?

GOOD LUCK FINDING ONE OF THOSE! THEY'RE SELLING OUT AS FAST AS THEY CAN MAKE THEM.

GUANGDONG PROVINCE, CHINA.

THANKS!

KEYSTONE CITY, KANSAS: CHRISTMAS EVE--NOON.

WHERE ARE YOU? YOU DIDN'T FORGET JAI'S PAGEANT, DID YOU?

OF COURSE NOT.

GOOD JOB, JAI!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

WE WISH YOU...

A MERRY CHRISTMAS...

WE WISH YOU...

Cookie

SECRET LOCATION--- NIGHT.

I DON'T THINK SANTA WILL MIND IF EVERYONE OPENS ONE PRESENT!

CENTRAL CITY: CHRISTMAS EVE.

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.

A SPELL BOOK? WELL, THAT'S INTEREST--

SPELL BOOK

SPELL BOOK

A BLUE ROCKET RANGER! COOL!

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, DARLING.

THIS IS THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER!

I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T DOING PRESENTS.

IT'S NOT FOR YOU.

HO-HO-HO.

THE END

THE (BEAST) BOY WHO HATED CHRISTMAS!

A TALE OF THE DOOM PATROL

YEARS AGO...

I HAVE A *TERRIBLE* SECRET.

I *HATE* CHRISTMAS.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A *WHITE* CHRISTMAS, GANG.

OH, I *LOVE* THE SNOW!

PFFT. *CHRISTMAS.*

BECAUSE I *NEVER* GET WHAT I *WANT.*

ROBOTMAN! ELASTI-GIRL! NEGATIVE MAN! BEAST BOY! MENTO! ONCE NORMAL PEOPLE THAT WERE TRANSFORMED BY TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS! LED BY THE GENIUS SCIENTIST KNOWN AS THE CHIEF, THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST HEROES NOW BAND TOGETHER TO FIGHT CRIME AS THE

DOOM PATROL

STERLING GATES--writer | JONBOY MEYERS--artist
CHUCK PIRES--colorist | TRAVIS LANHAM--letterer

WHAT, YOU DON'T *LIKE* CHRISTMAS, KID?

BRR. HOLD ME, STEVE.

NO. CHRISTMAS IS JUST A *STUPID* HOLIDAY FOR GREEDY PEOPLE WHO WANT *STUPID* PRESENTS.

C'MON, FROG FACE, CHRISTMAS IS A *BLAST!* CANDY CANES, EGGNOG, CAROLERS...

YEAH, WELL, IT'S NOT SO GREAT FOR *EVERYBODY*, ROBOT-*JERK.*

SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS *FUN* AND *SHOVE* IT UP YOUR TIN CAN--

BEAST BOY! LANGUAGE!

WHATEVER. YOU GUYS GOT THIS UNDER *CONTROL.* I GOTTA GET BACK TO THE *HOUSE* BEFORE OLD MAN GALTRY GETS *MAD.*

YOUR COURT-APPOINTED *GUARDIAN? WHY'RE* YOU--?

SEE YA.

BEAST BOY! COME *BACK--!*

STEVE, I'M GOING TO--

GO, RITA. FIND OUT WHAT'S *BOTHERING* HIM.

THERE YOU ARE, BOY!

WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN?*

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, GALTRY! I WAS OUT WITH THE *TEAM*--

CHRISTMAS!? TEAM?! WHO NEEDS CHRISTMAS!??

NOW GET IN THERE AND *CLEAN!*

"IT WAS *HORRIBLE.*"

THAT *MAN* PUT HIM TO *WORK.* HIS OWN *GUARDIAN.* ON CHRISTMAS *EVE.*

WELL, HE'S NOT *OUR* SON, RITA. WE CAN'T TELL HIM WHAT TO DO.

I *KNOW* HE'S NOT, STEVE. IT'S JUST—

--HE'S ONLY FOURTEEN. WHICH MEANS HE'LL BE LIVING WITH THAT *DREADFUL* MR. GALTRY FOR ANOTHER *FOUR* YEARS.

WHAT ARE YOU *SUGGESTING?*

YOU *KNOW.*

OH, NO. *NO WAY,* RITA.

STEVE.

IT'S *CHRISTMAS.*

"GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE"? YEAH, RIGHT—

DOOM PATROL EMERGENCY!

REPORT TO DP HQ IMMEDIATELY!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, HOLD YOUR *HORSES!* I'M *HERE!*

WHAT'S THE *BIG* EMERGENC—

—UH.

HEY, GAR.

HEY... *GUYS.* WHAT'S GOING ON?

STEVE AND I WANTED TO *TALK* TO YOU. WE HAVE *SOMETHING* TO *ASK.*

YOU SEE, I *HATE* CHRISTMAS, TOO, GAR.

YOU *DO?*

I'VE HATED CHRISTMAS FOR *YEARS*. I WAS AN *ACTRESS* BEFORE MY...*ACCIDENT* GAVE ME THESE POWERS. NO FAMILY, JUST WORK.

I WOULD CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS BETWEEN TAKES WITH THE CREW, THEN GET *MAD* WHEN EVERYONE WANTED TO GO *HOME* EARLY.

I ALWAYS FELT LIKE I WAS *PRETENDING* ON CHRISTMAS, BECAUSE I NEVER FELT LIKE I HAD A *FAMILY* TO BE A PART OF.

UNTIL I MARRIED STEVE. THIS IS THE FIRST CHRISTMAS WHERE WE'VE BEEN A *FAMILY*. BUT--

GAR, THE CHIEF HAS BEEN RUNNING SOME *TESTS*.

THE ACCIDENT THAT GAVE ME THESE *ABILITIES* HAS...*ROBBED* ME OF THE ABILITY TO BECOME A *MOTHER*.

SO, EVEN THOUGH I HAVE THE *PERFECT* HUSBAND, AND A *WONDERFUL* TEAM, I STILL FEEL LIKE SOMETHING'S *MISSING*.

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

YOU, GAR.

STEVE AND I WANT YOU TO BE A PART OF OUR *FAMILY*. WE WANT TO *ADOPT* YOU. FORMALLY.

W-WHAT?

WE *KNOW* YOUR PARENTS LEFT YOU TO THE STATE WHEN THEY PASSED AWAY, AND YOU'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH MR. GALTRY, BJT...

WE'RE *ALREADY* A TEAM, GAR.

WILL YOU BE A PART OF OUR *FAMILY*, TOO?

YES! ABSOLUTELY!

I'VE HATED CHRISTMAS FOR YEARS.

BJT ALL THAT ENDS TODAY, BECAJSE I FINALLY GOT THE GIFT I ALWAYS WANTED...

A SON.

GOD BLESS US, EVERY BEAST!

END

SUPERBOY in PARTY GIFT!

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND THROUGHOUT THE HALL, *NOT* A HERO WAS STANDING--

WRITER
RALPH SOLL

PENCILS
RODNEY BUCHEMI

INKS
GREG ADAMS

COLORS
PETE PANTAZIS

LETTERS
JARED K. FLETCHER

--WE'D *BEATEN* THEM ALL!

AND SUPERMAN'S PRESENTS, SET UNDER HIS TREE-- WE'D GRABBED AND DIVIDED BETWEEN YOU JERKS AND ME!

SO THERE I WAS, TRAPPED IN AN ALLEY, EXPLODING BANANA GUN RUNNING LOW--

WRECK THE HALL WITH POISON IVY!

FA-LA-LA-LA, LA-LA LA LA!

DOWN WITH THE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE LEAGUE!

ME HATE EGGNOG!

HEY LOOK, MISTLETOE!

ZZAP

MMMM, THIS HERRING IS FIRST RATE!

WELL, YOU SHOULD KNOW, PENGY!

AND WHY IS THAT MY DEAR?

BECAUSE YOU BOUGHT THE FOOD FOR THE PARTY!

YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO THROW A BASH!

WHILE MY ABILITY TO ENTERTAIN IS LEGENDARY--

THIS PARTY STINK!

--I REGRET TO INFORM YOU I AM *NOT* THE ORGANIZER OF THESE FESTIVITIES.

THEN WHO IS?

HERE YOU GO, LADIESSS.

MMMM! I COULD *GROW* TO LIKE YOU!

HEY COLD-BLOODED, COME WARM UP BY THE FIRE.

ANYONE KNOW WHO'S *HOSTING* THIS THING?

NOT PENGUIN?
WEATHER WIZARD?
MY INVITE DIDN'T SAY!
IT'S A TRAP!
A TRICK!
A RIDDLE!
SINCE IT APPEARS NO ONE KNOWS WHO INVITED US, I SUGGEST NO ONE DRINK ANYTHING ELSE, EAT ANYTHING ELSE OR TOUCH ANYTHING ELSE.
I ALSO SUGGEST EVERYONE--
PREPARE FOR BATTLE.
I SUGGEST EVERYONE RELAX.

SUPERBOY?!

HOPE EVERYONE LIKE PARTY.

NO! IT'S THAT *BIZARRO* SUPERBOY, *MATCH.*

WHATEVER YOUR PLAN, FREAK, YOU'RE IN FOR A FIGHT!

PLAN? TO FIGHT WORST—

—IN SELF.

MAKE SAD MISTAKES THIS YEAR, DID WRONG TO GOOD PEOPLE AND WAS MEAN, WAS CRUEL.

BUT WITH NEW YEAR COMES NEW START, RIGHT?

WE CAN ALL LEARN TO LIVE BETTER! HELLO!

WOW.

THAT NO SENSE MAKE AT ALL!

NO END

I HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLETON CITY HOMICIDE SQUAD FOR LESS THAN A WEEK.

X-MAS TREE

CHECK IT OUT.

POLICE

NEW GUY GOT THE CALL.

POLICE DO NOT CROSS

MANHUNTING WAS MY VOCATION BACK HOME.

SINCE I MUST WALK CONCEALED AMONG THESE CREATURES, I REASONED A FAMILIAR GUISE WOULD BE BEST.

GREAT. JONES.

THOUGHT IT COULDN'T GET ANY COLDER OUT HERE.

BUT I HAVE MISCALCULATED.

JOHN, MEET TONY VALDEZ, OWNER OF EVERGREEN ALLEY, HERE.

CAN'T SAY WHO OWNS THE THREE SLUGS IN HIS CHEST.

CASH BOX?

LONG GONE.

THESE HUMAN MANHUNTERS ARE AS SKILLED AS ANY ON MARS.

Martian Manhunter

in Reason for the Season

story: Fred Van Lente

art & color: Nick Dragotta

letters: John J. Hill

THOUGH I HAVE DONE LITTLE TO EARN THEIR SUSPICION, THEY KNOW, SOMEHOW, INSTINCTUALLY, THEY KNOW...

...SOMETHING ALIEN STANDS AMONG THEM.

NATIVE CUSTOM IS TO PAIR MANHUNTERS.

VALDEZ'S HELPER, LOCAL KID, KENNY, WENT AROUND THE CORNER FOR COFFEES. HEARD THE SHOTS ON HIS WAY BACK.

NO OTHER WITNESSES.

MY PARTNER IS NAMED DIANE MEADE

SHE MEANS WELL.

ONCE WE WRAP UP HERE...

...THE PRECINCT *CHRISTMAS PARTY* JUST STARTED UP, OVER AT FAGAN'S, ON BROADWAY...

BUT SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. HOW COULD SHE?

...I'M HEADED THERE NEXT, IF YOU WANT TO FOLLOW MY CAR.

SORRY, DIANE.

WORK TO DO.

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU *BOTHER*, MEADE.

JONES DOESN'T BREAK BREAD WITH THE *PLEBES*.

MY GUESS? HE'S INTERNAL AFFAIRS. UNDER-COVER.

I DON'T KNOW...

I DON'T THINK THAT'S *IT*...

I CAN'T RISK GETTING CLOSE TO ANYONE

I CAN'T RISK EXPOSURE

THE CASH BOX.

WHAT'D YOU DO WITH IT?

TELEPATHY MAY HELP IDENTIFY THE GUILTY

BUT PSIONIC EVIDENCE IS INADMISSIBLE IN THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF COLORADO

SO I REQUIRE EVIDENCE AND/OR CONFESSIONS, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NATIVE COP

RED

AND GREEN

THIS FESTIVAL'S TRADITIONAL COLORS

NOTHING COULD MAKE ME PINE MORE FOR MY HOMEWORLD

RED:

HERE THEY CALL MARS A "DESERT PLANET," BUT HER DUNES ARE NOT COARSE SAND BUT DELICATE DUST

WHEN THE WIND SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE PEAKS OF THE OLYMPUS MONS, GREAT BILLOWING CLOUDS OF IT RISE HIGH IN THE SKY, RENDERING GROUND BELOW AND HEAVEN ABOVE THE SAME RUSTY COLOR.

GREEN:

THE MARTIAN RACE MERGED AS ONE IN TELEPATHIC SERENITY.

WHEREVER YOU WENT, THOSE YOU LOVED WERE ALWAYS WITH YOU, PSYCHICALLY.

"IN HEARTS, THROUGH MINDS," OUR SAYING WENT.

WE HAD LITTLE USE FOR "HOLIDAYS."

COMITY WAS NEVER CELEBRATED

FOR IT WAS ALWAYS THE NORM.

KERRD

QUITE THE OPPOSITE WITH THE NATIVES HERE

UNLIKE MARS, THIS WORLD TEEMS WITH LIFE

...ALL OF IT SO ISOLATED AND ALONE

IRONICALLY, NEVER SO MUCH AS THIS TIME

A RUDIMENTARY SCAN OF KENNY'S SURFACE THOUGHTS REVEALS HE HAD COME TO THE END OF ANOTHER YEAR WITH NO MORE HOPE IN IT THAN THE ONE BEFORE IT.

GIRLFRIEND LEFT HIM PARENTS DEAD OR DISAPPEARED. FRIENDS WITH MORE CASH IN THEIR POCKETS THAN HE

LITTLE WONDER HE FELT DRIVEN TO GRAB ONTO WHATEVER WAS CLOSE AT HAND THAT HE COULD CLAIM AS HIS OWN

LITTLE WONDER HE FELT SO

...ALIENATED

DING DING DING

HELLO?

HEEEEEEEYY! LOOK WHO MADE THE PARTY!

MERRRRY CHRISTMAS, PARDNER!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, DIANE.

I BROUGHT... *EGGNOG." THAT IS *TRADITIONAL*, YES?

EGG NOG

'COURSE... WHERE *YOU* FROM?

... CANADA?

EXPLAINS A *LOT*, ACTUALLY...

HERE, JONES! HAVE A *COOKIE*!

MMMM! WHAT ARE THESE?

THEY DON'T HAVE *DOUBLE-STUFFED CHOCOS* IN CANADA?

THEY'RE WONDERFUL!

I *KNOW* THEY HAVE *BOOZE* THERE! I'M SETTING YOU *UP*!

SO THE HELPER KID DID IN THE TREE SELLER, HUH?

AFRAID SO. I'M JUST FROM DROPPING HIM OFF AT CENTRAL BOOKING.

YOUR USUAL FAST WORK, JONES! WHY DON'T YOU C'MERE AND TELL US HOW YOU DO IT? THAT CAN BE YOUR PRESENT TO US!

I CLOSE MY EYES

AND I FEEL THE RED WIND OF THE OLYMPUS MONS ON MY FACE

AND THE ONENESS OF A PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME

AND I KNOW WHAT I HAVE BEEN MISSING

End.

Angel Ape

OUTSIDE THE LOCAL COMMUNITY CENTER...

TOYS FOR THE KIDS! PLEASE HELP!

SAM! WE'VE GOTTA GET MORE DONATIONS SO ALL THE KIDS GET A PRESENT.

DING DING

PLEASE, SIR! DONATE FOR THE KIDS?

YOUNG WOMAN, I AM *MUCH* TOO BUSY TO BOTHER WITH--

GROWAR-OCK -OOROOP!*

*(IT'S CHRISTMAS, YOU CHEAPSKATE!)

HERE! TAKE MY MONEY, MY WATCH, MY, MY, MY...

GOLLY! THANKS, MISTER!

AAAIE!

AND THANK *YOU*, SAM.

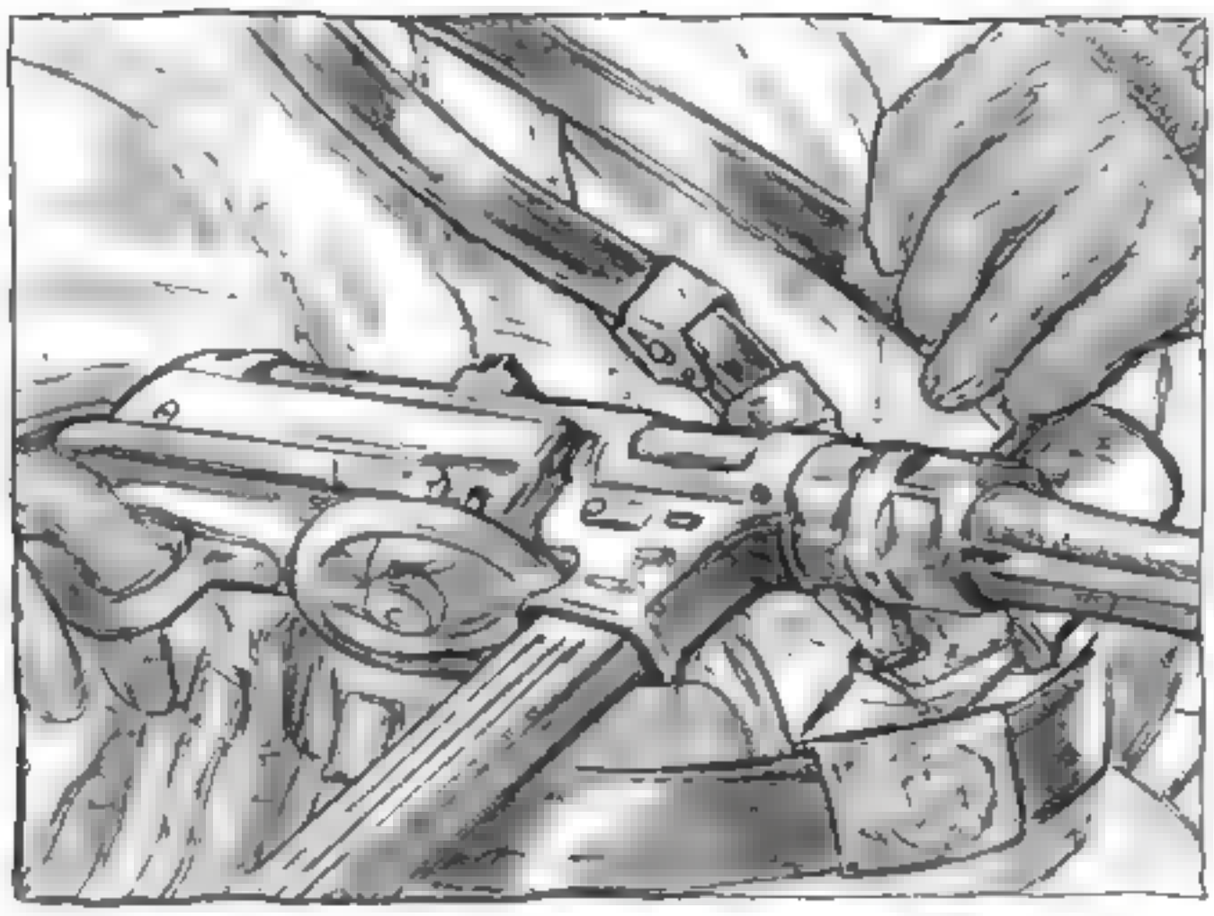
DOIN' THE KONG RIFF *IS* KIND OF HUMILIATIN', BUT IT *IS* FER THE KIDDIES.

END.

DECEMBER 24, 1944

MONT

MEIN GOTT!



DEAM
AIGLE
HI RLANT
CUCHAC

BLASTED ICE...

HEH...

GOT A CIGARETTE, YANK?
G.I. ROCK
A PEACE ON EARTH
BILLY TUCCI STORY & ART
HI-FI COLOR
ROB CLARK JR. LETTERS
INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY

JOHN ROCK
SGT 22 BGT. 3 DIV
VSI.VAN'S - N° VII

Hier ruht
Vaterolf d L
Johannes
Felson

g [illegible] 17.8.1890
gefall. 30.3.1915

YOU KNOW, SERGEANT, MY ORDERS ARE TO SHOOT ON SIGHT WHEN ENCOUNTERING AN ENEMY...

AND I ALWAYS FOLLOW ORDERS.

SAME HERE, *OBERFELDWEBEL* FELSON...

CLICK-CLACK

CLICK-CLACK

BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA!!

BUDDA!!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, FRANK ROCK OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

UND FRIEDEN AUF ERDEN, FRITZ...

PEACE ON EARTH.

END.

ENEMY ACE IN "STILLE NACHT"

WRITTEN BY SEAMUS KEVIN FAHEY AND SEAN FAHEY ART BY HOWARD CHAYKIN
COLOR BY EDGAR DELGADO LETTERS BY JOHN J. HILL

WAR IS THE PROVINCE OF CIVILIZATIONS, NOT CIVILIZED MEN.

MOST MEN ARE NOT BORN TO KILL. THEY'RE TAUGHT. INSTRUCTED. ORDERED. SUCH IS THE WAY OF THINGS.

SUCH IS THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER. THE NEED ARISES, AND WE ANSWER THE CALL. BUT WE DO SO WITH HONOR. COURAGE. DIGNITY. RESPECT FOR OUR COMPATRIOTS, AND EVEN RESPECT FOR OUR ENEMIES.

QUALITIES THAT GENERAL WERNER DIETRICH DOES NOT POSSESS.

DIETRICH. THE ARCHITECT OF GERMANY'S NEXT "GREAT" OFFENSIVE. THOUSANDS OF MEN. HUNDREDS OF PIECES OF ARTILLERY. DOZENS OF FIGHTER PLANES. ALL COORDINATED TO RAIN HELLFIRE DOWN ON THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW...

...CHRISTMAS DAY.

HERR RITTMEISTER.

ERIC.

A CHRISTMAS OFFENSIVE, SIR?

THE GENERAL IS CONFIDENT THAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH OFF-GUARD AND UNPREPARED FOR AN ASSAULT OF THIS KIND. AFTER THE ARMY IS ABLE TO SMASH THROUGH THEIR FRONT LINES, THEY CAN PRESS THE ADVANTAGE. POSSIBLY EVEN TAKE PARIS BY THE SPRING. END THE WAR.

RITTMEISTER VON HAMMER, DO YOU SINCERELY BELIEVE THAT?

DOES IT MATTER?

SIR?

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, LEUTNANT.

BUT IT'S JUST ONE DAY, SIR. ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT THOSE MEN ARE GOING TO BE STUCK IN THE TRENCHES INSTEAD OF CELEBRATING AT HOME WITH THEIR FAMILIES?

THIS IS WAR, SCHULTZ. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR SENTIMENTALITY.

JAWOHL, HERR RITTMEISTER.

HOW I WISH I COULD TELL MY OLD FRIEND THAT I SHARE HIS FEELINGS. THAT AFTER MONTHS OF CONSTANT SHELLING AND DEATH, BASIC DECENCY DEMANDS AT LEAST A GESTURE OF CHARITY. ONE DAY. IF THE GUNS COULD FALL SILENT FOR ONE DAY.

BUT MY JOB IS NOT TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT AND INSUBORDINATION. IT'S TO KEEP MY MEN ALIVE. FOR THE SKY GIVES NO ONE A SECOND CHANCE.

I'VE RECALIBRATED THE SPANDAJS TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS, HERR RITTMEISTER. EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER, SIR.

DANKE, WEBER.

BRING HER BACK SAFE, SIR.

VON HAMMER!

THIS IS A CRITICAL OPERATION, VON HAMMER. I IMAGINE SOME OF YOUR MEN DISAPPROVE OF THEIR ROLE IN IT, BUT IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO MAKE SURE THEY GET THE JOB DONE. I'M DEPENDING ON YOU, HERR RITTMEISTER. ALL OF GERMANY IS DEPENDING ON YOU.

GERMANY. HOW MUCH OF GERMANY'S BLOOD WILL YOU ORDER SPILT BEFORE THIS IS OVER, GENERAL?

MY MEN WILL DO THEIR DUTY, HERR GENERAL. *AS ALWAYS.*

FIVE MONTHS AGO, EUROPE WAS STILL AT PEACE WITH ITSELF. COULD ANYONE HAVE ANTICIPATED WHAT SHE'S ALREADY SUFFERED SINCE THEN? WOULD IT HAVE CHANGED ANYTHING IF THEY COULD? MAYBE IF THEY COULD SEE IT AS I DO? FROM MY VANTAGE POINT IN THE HEAVENS...

...THE HELLISH LANDSCAPE BELOW.

NO MAN'S LAND.

MY JAGDSTAFFEL MAINTAINS FORMATION, AWAITING MY DIRECTION. ATTACK? DISENGAGE? THEY LOOK TO ME TO GUIDE THEM TO THE RIGHT CHOICE. BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, I MAKE THE ONLY CHOICE I CAN.

I LEAD MY MEN IN, AND WE BEGIN OUR DESCENT.

AS WE FALL FROM THE HEAVENS, THE SIGHT OF HUNDREDS OF MEN POURING OUT OF THEIR TRENCHES AND CHARGING TOWARDS EACH OTHER BECOMES TRAGICALLY CLEARER. I SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT "GIFTS" AWAIT THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

RELUCTANTLY, I RELEASE THE SAFETY MECHANISM ON MY TWIN SPANDAUS, AND PREPARE TO ATTACK, BUT AM SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED BY THE DEAFENING SILENCE OF THE BATTLEFIELD. NO CHATTERING OF MACHINE GUNS. NO IMPACT OF ARTILLERY SHELLS. NOTHING. BUT THEN I HEAR IT...

EVEN OVER THE ROAR OF MY FOKKER'S 110 H.P. OBERURSEL MOTOR, I HEAR IT. SINGING. THE SOUND OF HUNDREDS OF MEN SINGING.

STILLE NACHT.

GERMAN. FRENCH. ENGLISH. OFFICERS. ENLISTED...SOLDIERS ALL. UNITED IN SONG. UNITED IN SPIRIT.

MY JAGDSTAFFEL TIGHTENS FORMATION AND FORMS A PERFECT V BEHIND ME WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF PROMPTING. THERE'S NO NEED.

GERMAN. ENGLISH. FRENCH. SOLDIERS. WE SALUTE THEM ALL.

WE SALUTE THEIR HONOR. THEIR COURAGE. THEIR DIGNITY. THEIR RESPECT FOR THEIR COMPATRIOTS AND THEIR RESPECT FOR THEIR "ENEMIES."

THE QUALITIES OF CIVILIZED MEN.

MEN WITH A WELL-DESERVED REPRIEVE FROM HAVING TO KILL EACH OTHER...AT LEAST UNTIL TOMORROW.

THE END

B'WANA BEAST IN THE HUNT FOR CHRISTMAS

WRITER: BEAU SMITH ART: GARY KWAPISZ
COLOR: PAMELA RAMBO LETTERS: TRAVIS LANHAM

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM;

HE PLANTS HIS FOOTSTEPS IN THE SEA,

AND RIDES UPON THE STORM.

DEEP IN UNFATHOMABLE MINES.

OF NEVER FAILING SKILL,

HE TREASURES UP HIS BRIGHT DESIGNS

AND WORKS HIS SOVEREIGN WILL.

YOU FEARFUL SAINTS, FRESH COURAGE TAKE;

THE CLOUDS YOU SO MUCH DREAD

ARE BIG WITH MERCY AND SHALL BREAK

IN BLESSINGS ON YOUR HEAD.

HIS PURPOSES WILL RIPEN FAST,

UNFOLDING EVERY HOUR;

THE BUD MAY HAVE A BITTER TASTE,

BUT SWEET WILL BE THE FLOWER.

BLIND UNBELIEF IS SURE TO ERR

AND SCAN HIS WORK IN VAIN:

GOD IS HIS OWN INTERPRETER,

AND HE WILL MAKE IT PLAIN.

"GOD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS" IS FROM THE HYMN BY WILLIAM COWPER 1731-1800.

CHRISTIAN MISSION

END

FAWCETT CITY: CHRISTMAS DAY

CAPTAIN MARVEL
HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

STEVE HORTON
AFUA RICHARDSON
JOHN J. HILL

WAIT, IBAC. THIS BUILDING--WE DESTROYED SOMETHING. SOMETHING *IMPORTANT.*

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? LET *GO* OF ME, MARVEL!

LOOK *AROUND* YOU, IBAC. LOOK WHAT WE--

WHAT HAVE WE *DONE*, IBAC?

...I HAD A GOOD FRIEND WHO SPENT SOME TIME ON THE STREETS.

I...I WAS HOMELESS.

FAWCETT CITY ARMORY

HOMELESS SHELTER

AAH, IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE ALREADY WRECKED IT. I'LL JUST TAKE IT OUT ON YOUR *FACE*. JOHNNY'D UNDERSTAND.

NO! WE NEED TO REBUILD IT. DON'T YOU SEE? YOUR FRIEND...MY PAST SELF. WE NEED TO FIX IT FOR *THEIR* SAKE.

AFTER IT'S *DONE*--WE'LL FINISH WHAT WE STARTED.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

BOTTOM LINE, IBAC: I'M OFFERING YOU *AMNESTY*. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT--OR WE CAN GO RIGHT BACK TO *FIGHTING*.

YOU KNOW I'D *BEAT* YOU, CAP. BUT I'LL *TAKE* IT.

AND CAP--MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FAWCETT CITY MISSION

SHELTER

THOSE *ARMBANDS*--IS THAT...?

NAAAAH.

THE END

DEADMAN

LATE EDITION GOTHAM CITY-FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25TH,

writer & artist SCOTT KOLINS
color CP SMITH letters JARED K. FLETCHER

DEADMAN created by ARNOLD DRAKE

UNBEARABLE LOSS

13 CHILDREN MISS

It is cold--very cold this winter. I remember cold winters.

This is William.

William may not survive.

Despite his fingers bleeding and the stabbing hunger in his belly--

--William knows others have it worse.

He's a brave and thoughtful kid.

There have been many times he feared for his life--

--but somehow he always survived.

As though there was someone watching out for him.

A guardian angel--saving him for a special future.

Don't ask why, but he's right.

This is **Karen.**

OH GOD NO...

--13 CHILDREN **MISSING!**

--13 CHILDREN **MISSING!**

--13 CHILDREN **MISSING!**

--13 CHILDREN **MISSING!**

--13 CHILDREN **MISSING!**

William hopes the woman will be OK.

Her son is the

SCREAM YOU HUSSY!-- SCREAM AND PUSH! PUSH!

nnngg-- G-GHYAAAAA!

And she heard her baby cry.

And then he was **taken away.** She **never** saw him again.

She could only imagine the **torture** that poor boy went through.

Great Grandma was anything but great.

She was a **monstrous** woman. Locking babies in closets--beating children 'til they bled. Even soaking clothing in blood to draw attacks from animals. All to punish--**frighten!**

Scared him right out **of his mind.**

And into one of Gotham's most notorious **insane villains.**

It is more than she can bear.

That's where I come in.

I am a **ghost** who tries to keep the scales of justice **balanced.**

Today I'm trying to **save her life.**

When I was alive, I was a famous **circus aerialist**--so I hope my skills do the trick.

SPLOOSH

Whew--just barely.

AM I-- AM I DEAD?

WELL, **NOT YET** HOPEFULLY.

W-WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND. I CAN HELP.

ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME-- "INTO THE LIGHT"?

I'D RATHER SHOW YOU THE LIGHT.

I KNOW YOUR LIFE HAS HAD ITS SHARE OF HARD-SHIPS.

TERRIBLE THINGS WERE DONE TO YOU--

--BY THOSE YOU LOVED--

--WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO CARE FOR YOU.

YOU FEEL UNBEARABLE GUILT FOR EVERY CRIME YOUR SON COMMITS.

YOU FEEL THAT LIFE IS NOTHING BUT PAIN.

HEY! LOOK!

OH MY GOD!

She sobs a decade of pain.

She almost breaks apart.

I hold her.

CALL 9-1-1--GET HELP!

SPLASH-SPLASH

FWAH
WHOOF

THERE WERE MANY THINGS IN YOUR LIFE THAT YOU DID NOT CHOOSE--

--BUT DON'T MAKE THIS MOMENT, WITHOUT FAITH, ONE OF THEM.

YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT--BUT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO DEPEND ON YOU.

HE WILL NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT YOU.

CHOOSE LIFE.

C'MON, LADY!

PLEASE!

PLEASE!

COUGH
COUGH

--TH-THANK YOU FOR--

TH-THAT'S OKAY--BUT WE GOTTA GET SOMEWHERE DRY!

WE'RE GONNA F-F-FREEZE OUT HERE.

I-I-I'M G-GLAD YOU'RE NOT D DEAD.

She puts on a **brave** face. Goes back to work the next day.

But inside she's **crumbling.**

PAPERS SAY... HE GOT AWAY. 13 CHILDREN PUT THROUGH THAT-- AND HE GOT **AWAY!**

NOTHING HAS CHANGED...

JUST-- **UNBEARABLE...**

WHY DID I HAVE TO COME BACK?

WHY?!

He will not **survive** without you.

...

UH, HI. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HI, WILLIAM, I'M KAREN.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE LUNCH WITH ME?

...

SURE!

Sometimes--

DO YOU LIKE BURGERS?

WILLIAM.

Sometimes **miracles** can happen.

THE END

RED TORNADO in A Night Before Christmas Story

I'M LOOKING FOR *ECKO GECKOS*

I'M *ON* THE PHONE.

PERHAPS THERE ARE MORE IN YOUR *STOCKROOM* COULD YOU--

WE'RE *OUT.*

FOURTEEN STORES ACROSS THREE STATES, ALL WITH THE SAME OUTCOME.

SO, ANYWAY...

I HAVE AN INTERNAL CHRONOMETER. TIME MANAGEMENT SHOULD NOT BE THIS DIFFICULT.

I'M ON BREAK!

I CANNOT DISAPPOINT TRAYA.

YOU LOOKING FOR A GECKO FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL?

YES!

I'LL *SELL* YOU MINE FOR $200.

THAT'S 345 PERCENT *HIGHER* THAN THIS STORE IS CHARGING.

I'LL GIVE YOU $250!

YOU HAVE A *UNIQUE* SENSE OF "GOODWILL TOWARD MANKIND."

IF YOU REALLY CARED ABOUT *YOUR* KID, MAYBE YOU WOULD'VE TRIED HARDER.

AAAAHHHHH--!

WHOOOOOSH!

MANY TIMES I HAVE FOUGHT SUPER POWERED VILLAINS WITH INSANE PLANS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE *STORM*... MUCH WORSE. PUSHED THE SNOW AGAINST THE DOORS--

--WE'RE *TRAPPED!*

IN THE END, THEIR MOTIVATION IS SIMPLE, AND SO MUCH EASIER TO UNDERSTAND THAN COMMON HUMAN SELFISHNESS.

I THINK THEY GOT SOME SHOVELS, IN THE BACK.

MY KID'S GONNA *KILL* ME IF I DON'T GET HOME!

IT'S CHRISTMAS *EVE*. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

MAYBE IT'S A *SIGN*. MAYBE THE SNOW AND ALL OF US BEING TRAPPED IN HERE IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE US THINK ABOUT THE *MEANING* OF CHRISTMAS.

WE'VE ALL BEEN RUNNING AROUND LIKE CRAZY PEOPLE, TRYING TO BUY *STUFF*. THAT'S NOT WHAT THE HOLIDAY'S ABOUT...

MAYBE THE MUSTACHE IS *RIGHT*.

IT IS NOT FAIR OF ME TO KEEP THESE PEOPLE FROM THEIR FAMILIES, BUT PERHAPS THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE ENDS JUSTIFYING THE MEANS.

THERE ARE *HOLIDAY CAROLS* PLAYING OVER THE STORE'S SPEAKER SYSTEM. PERHAPS WE COULD ALL GATHER TOGETHER AND HAVE A SING-ALONG?

FIRE DEPARTMENT'S ON THE *WAY*. THEY SHOULD HAVE US DUG OUT IN ABOUT AN HOUR.

THANK GOD!

MY FELLOW SHOPPERS LEARNED NOTHING FROM THE EXPERIENCE

GOOD MORNING--!

--AND MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY--

--OOOPH!

LOOK WHAT YOUR *FATHER* GOT ME!

I SMILE AT MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER, BUT MY HOLIDAY SPIRIT HAS BEEN DIMINISHED

WAY TO GO, DAD!

SHOULD WE GO IN AND SEE WHAT *SANTA* BROUGHT?

IN A MINUTE--

THEN TRAYA RESTORES MY FAITH AND MY LOVE

--I HAVE ALL *DAY* TO FIND OUT WHAT I GOT. RIGHT NOW, I JUST WANT TO BE THANKFUL FOR WHAT I *HAVE*.

ON CHRISTMAS, I BOUGHT MY DAUGHTER A PRESENT

BUT SHE GAVE ME A GIFT

The End.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

HUNTRESS in STYLES
NAUGHTY or NICE

Written by P. Jones
Art by Ashen Kane Mickal
Colored by Tina Gonzalez
Lettered by Sid Cipriano

You can't judge a book by its cover, at least that's what we teach them at school, so...

SUGAR-FREE!

Santa's CHOICE

RAPSO SWEETS

LOLLIES

TC¢

You see a kid about to shoplift and think, "naughty list."

But what if you knew he was homeless and hungry?

PICK OF THE WEEK!

Goyas CHOCO

60

50¢

SALE

TSOKO

You look at a man who owns a candy store and think, "nice list."

After all, the candy man mixes it with love and makes the world taste good," right?

I SWEAR I'LL CALL THE COPS IF I SEE YOU BACK HERE, YOU GOOD FOR-NOTHING HOOLIGAN!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO YOU TOO, MISTER!

THE SLIM GYM

CHRISTMAS SALE!
COMICS' TREES

CANDY KANE'S

KANE'S CANDY

SALE!

ADOBO CATERING

Santa Claus has his way of sorting them out...

...and so do I.

You have to look beneath the surface, in a manner of speaking.

That guy is hiding something under his jacket, and I'll bet it's not mistletoe.

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF... IT'S *CHRISTMAS*, MAN.

SO, LET'S HAVE US A GIFT EXCHANGE. GIVE ME ALL THE MONEY IN THE TILL AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR LIFE.

CLOSED

SALE

UH-OH.

YOU HAVE YOURSELF A HOLLY...

...JOLLY?

OPEN

OPEN

BAG

DEFINITELY NAUGHTY.

BLAM

If being a teacher has taught me anything, it's that you never count a kid out.

TRIP!

Even the ones that look like trouble will surprise you.

CANDY

Especially this time of year.

Maybe it's because they know someone is watching...

...or maybe there's just something in the air that brings the good out of everyone.

Okay, maybe not everyone.

Yes, I've seen the worst that man can do, but luckily I've also seen that there's a way off the "naughty list."

Now, that's nice.

END.

IN THE TIME WHEN ISRAEL WAS CALLED JUDEA, AND OUR PEOPLE WERE UNDER SYRIAN OPPRESSION, ANTIOCHUS FORCED THE JEWS TO WORSHIP GREEK DEITIES.

HIS MEN DESECRATED THE HOLY TEMPLE, ERECTING STATUES AND FALSE IDOLS IN THE HOLIEST OF HOLIES.

JUDAH AND HIS BROTHERS COULD STAND THIS OPPRESSION NO LONGER. THE TIME FOR ACTION WAS AT HAND.

THEY FORMED A REBEL INSURGENCY TO TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST THE FAR-SUPERIOR SYRIAN FORCES.

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE *MACCABEES*, AFTER THE HEBREW WORD FOR HAMMER.

AND STRIKE BACK THEY DID.

FOR THREE LONG AND GRUELING YEARS THEY FOUGHT ANTIOCHUS AND HIS RULE.

FEW BELIEVED THEY WOULD TRIUMPH.

YET IN THE END, THE FEW DEFEATED THE MANY AGAINST EVEN THE MOST OVERWHELMING ODDS.

THEY HAD DRIVEN THE SYRIANS OUT OF ISRAEL AND RECLAIMED THEIR HOME.

BUT THE HOLY TEMPLE HAD BEEN NEARLY RUINED BY THE INVADERS, AND THERE WAS LITTLE OIL REMAINING TO LIGHT ITS MENORAH.

LIKE THE FLAME THAT WOULD SOON DIE OUT, HOPE ITSELF SEEMED EXTINGUISHED.

WHEN THEY BURNED THE HOLY OIL THAT SHOULD HAVE LASTED BUT A SINGLE DAY...ITS LIGHT LASTED FOR *EIGHT*.

AGAINST ALL ODDS, IT WAS A MIRACLE.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIGHT THE FINAL CANDLE, RAGMAN?

YOU DO A GOOD THING FOR THIS CITY. DON'T LET IT SLIP AWAY.

I...

IT MAY BE DIFFICULT IN THE FACE OF HARDSHIP, BUT IT WILL ALWAYS CARRY YOU THROUGH. HOLD ON TO YOUR FAITH, JUST AS THE MACCABEES DID.

YOUR MIRACLE WILL ARRIVE SOON ENOUGH.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, RABBI.

RAGMAN IN SEEING THE LIGHT

STORY · ROB LEVIN
ART · BRIAN CHING
COLOR · MICHAEL ATIYEH
LETTERS · TRAVIS LANHAM

RAGMAN CREATED BY ROBERT KANIGHER AND JOE KUBERT.

END

ON THE PLANET EARTH, A ZETA-BEAM SIGNAL ORIGINATING FROM A PLANET TWENTY-FIVE TRILLION MILES AWAY INTERMITTENTLY MAKES ITS WAY TO THIS PLANET.

AN EARTHLING NAMED ADAM STRANGE HAS MADE A CAREER OF PREDICTING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THESE BEAMS. THOUGH TONIGHT INTERCEPTING THE BEAM IS PERSONAL...

FOR ME--

SPENDING NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH ALANNA WILL BE THE START TO A PERFECT YEAR. AND FOR ONCE I'LL BE EARLY.

PERFECT. AND WITH PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE.

9:30 ZETA-RIDE, WE'LL GET A LATE DINNER AND THEN WE'LL...

ADAM STRANGE in AULD LANG SYNE

writer: SHANNON ERIC DENTON
penciller: NICK J. NAPOLITANO | inker: DAN GREEN
colorist: ALLEN PASSALAQUA | letterer: JOHN J. HILL

PALM...

AAAAAHHHHH!

OKAY. POLICE SHOULD BE ABLE TO... OKAY, EXCEPT THOSE ARE THE POLICE RUNNING TOO... OKAY... MAN. I SO DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS RIGHT NOW.

CHOOM

THIS CITY HAS A NEW MASTER! NO JAIL COULD HOLD ME.

THE REIGN OF THE CEPHALOPOD IS UPON YOU, AND NOW...

BWA HAHAHA.

SMASH

7:14 P.M.

TELL DR. CALAMARI HERE HE'S LUCKY I'M IN A HURRY.

...NEED HELP. REPEAT, OFFICER DOWN AND IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE AT INTERSECTION OF WORLEY AND COYLE STREETS.

AW, COME ON!

7:46 P.M.

ASSISTANCE NEEDED AT...

AW, COME ON!

8:27 P.M.

ASSISTANCE NEEDED AT...

AW, COME ON!

YOU LOOKED... SMALLER... ON... TV...

9:04 P.M.

AW, COME ON!

WHISKERS!

LOOK AT HIS JETPACK.

YOU LOOK WHERE YOU WANT AND I'LL LOOK WHERE I WANT. BE SURE AND TIP THE MAN, DOTTIE.

AW, COME ON. SERIOUSLY! I REALLY NEED YOU GUYS TO JUST COOL IT TONIGHT. IT'S NEW YEAR'S EVE FOR PETE'S SAKE!

9:23 P.M.

ZRAPT

ZRAPT

PUTTING MY FOOT IN YOUR—

ZRAPT

ZRAPT

ZRAPT

BOOM

WHOOOOOOOSH

9:31 P.M.

COME ON.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED NEW YEAR'S.

YOU DIDN'T.

YOU STILL HAVE HOURS WITH WHICH TO IMPRESS US.

I'D HUG YOU BUT I KIND OF SMELL OF RAT...

OH, SHUT UP AND KISS ME.

DADDY DOES KINDA SMELL RATTY.

THE END